

A Child's Anne

Retold by Deirdre Kessler

Illustrations by Floyd Trainor



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Adapted from Lucy Maud Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*

Text by Deirdre Kessler

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Anne Arrives at Bright River Station

A little girl of about eleven waited at the railroad station. She was very thin. Her small face was white and freckled. Two thick braids of very red hair hung down the back of her very ugly dress. The girl was an orphan. Her parents had died when she was tiny. All her life she had longed for a home. She was tired of living with strange families and even more tired of the asylum where orphans stay when no one wants them.

The girl was excited. She had come all the way from Nova Scotia on the train to be adopted by Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert. Matthew and Marilla were brother and sister. Because they were getting old, they needed help with the work around their farm, Green Gables. Matthew's heart troubled him a good deal. They had decided to send to the orphanage for a boy.

When Matthew arrived at the station to pick up the boy they'd sent for, all he saw was a pale girl with red hair. The girl knew who he was, though, and went right up to him.

"I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she said in a clear, sweet voice. "Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody —not really."

Matthew was a very shy man. He was especially afraid of girls and women. Except for his sister Marilla and his neighbour Mrs. Rachel Lynde, he never spoke to women. But he liked this little girl already. He did not want to make her sad by telling her she could not stay.

"I'll let Marilla tell her there's been a mistake," he thought to himself as he shook the girl's scrawny little hand.

All the way home in the buggy the girl talked excitedly.

"People laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?" she said.

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

"I've always heard Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here," she chattered to Matthew. "It's delightful when your imaginations come true, isn't it?"

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew, who was enjoying himself very much.

"Mrs. Spencer said my tongue must be hung in the middle, I talk so much."

"Well now, you can talk as much as you like, I don't mind."

Matthew was beginning to dread the moment when the child would have to be told she could not stay at Green Gables. In the short time he had known her he had become quite fond of her. How disappointed she was going to be!





“Where’s the Boy?”

Marilla looked at the odd little figure in the stiff ugly dress, with the long braids of red hair, and the big glowing eyes.

“Matthew Cuthbert, who’s that? Where is the boy?”

“There wasn’t any boy,” said Matthew. “There was only *her*.”

“No boy! But there *must* have been a boy. We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy!”

“You don’t want me!” cried the child, dropping her worn-out suitcase. “You don’t want me because I’m not a boy! I might have expected it! Nobody ever did want me. Oh, what shall I do? This is the most *tragical* thing that ever happened to me! I’m going to burst into tears.”

Burst into tears she did.

“Well, well, there’s no need to cry so about it,” said Marilla, who could see already that this was no ordinary child. “What’s your name?”

“Anne Shirley. Anne spelled with an *e*.”

Anne wanted to stay at Green Gables.

“If I was very beautiful would you keep me?” she asked Marilla.

“No. We want a boy to help Matthew on the farm. A girl would be of no use to us. We’ll have to go see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow. You’ll have to be sent back to the asylum.”

When Anne had gone upstairs to sleep, Matthew told Marilla how much he liked Anne. He wanted to keep her. She brought new life to Green Gables.

“I’m *not* going to keep her,” were Marilla’s final words that night.





A Home of Her Own

The next morning Anne drove in the buggy with Marilla to White Sands. "Matthew and I clearly requested a boy," she told Mrs. Spencer. "There's been a mistake. This girl will have to be sent back to the orphanage."

"I don't think it will be necessary to send her back," replied Mrs. Spencer. "Mrs. Peter Blewett was up here yesterday. She was wishing she had a little girl to help her with all those quarrelsome children of hers. Anne could go live with her!"

Marilla had heard what a horrible temper Mrs. Blewett had. And how stingy she was. The idea of sending Anne to live with such a sharp-faced, sharp-eyed woman made Marilla's heart stir with pity. Poor Anne had been in so many dreadful homes in her short life.

Just then Mrs. Blewett appeared. She darted her eyes over Anne from head to foot. She pinched Anne's thin arm.

"How old are you and what's your name?" she demanded in a mean, horrible voice.

"I'd rather go back to the asylum than go live with her," Anne told Marilla. A lump came to her throat. Her eyes smarted from tears.

Marilla's heart softened. On the way back to Green Gables, she realized she had come to like this Anne-girl.

"I never in all my life saw or heard anything equal to her," Marilla muttered to



herself. "She *is* kind of interesting, as Matthew says. I can feel already that I'm wondering what on earth she'll say next. She'll be casting a spell over me, too. She's cast it over Matthew. That look he gave me as we left for Mrs. Spencer's said everything. I wish he was like other men and would talk things out. A body could answer back then and argue him into reason. But what's to be done with a man who just *looks?*"

Later, when Matthew and Marilla were out behind the barn milking the cows, Marilla told her brother that Mrs. Blewett would take Anne to live with her.

"I wouldn't give a dog I liked to that Blewett woman," said Matthew.

"I don't fancy her myself," Marilla said. "And there *is* something sweet about Anne. She's very smart. And I've got kind of used to the idea of keeping her. I've never brought up a child. I dare say I'll make a horrible mess of it. But I know you're dead set on keeping her. And she's a likable little thing, for all. So, as far as I'm concerned, she may stay."

"Well now, I reckoned you'd come to see it in that light, Marilla," said Matthew. His shy face glowed with delight.

"Well," said Marilla to Anne the next day. "Matthew and I have decided to keep you."

Anne's eyes filled with tears of joy. A home of her own! Finally, she had a home of her own!



Mrs. Lynde

Anne had been in her new home for two weeks before she met up with a neighbour, Mrs. Rachel Lynde. In those two weeks she had explored every tree and stream and nook and cranny around Green Gables.

Mrs. Lynde was a busy-body. She prided herself on always speaking her mind. She thought Matthew and Marilla had done a foolish and risky thing by getting a strange orphan girl. She took one look at Anne and said:

"Well, they didn't pick you for your looks, that's certain. Lawful heart, did anyone ever see such freckles? And hair as red as carrots!"

With one bound Anne crossed the kitchen floor and stood before Mrs. Rachel.

"I hate you! I hate you — I hate you — I hate you! How *dare* you call me skinny and ugly? How would *you* like to be told that you are FAT and CLUMSY? I don't care if I hurt your feelings. You have hurt mine worse than they were ever hurt before. And I'll *never* forgive you for it, never, never!"

Mrs. Lynde was shocked. Anne was sent upstairs to her room. Secretly Matthew was happy that someone had finally told off the old lady. Marilla was sorry that Anne had acted so badly, but she said, "You were too hard on her, Rachel."

This was too much for Mrs. Lynde. She swept out of the house and away.

Marilla went upstairs to speak with Anne.

"You were rude and saucy. You must go to Mrs. Lynde and tell her you are very sorry for your bad temper. You must ask her to forgive you."

Anne stayed in her room all that night. And she stayed there all the next day. She was determined *never* to apologize to Mrs. Lynde. But the next evening Matthew tiptoed to Anne's room and got her to agree to apologize, even if she didn't really mean it.

Anne set to work making up a long apology. Then she marched downstairs, told Marilla she was ready, and the two of them set off to Mrs. Lynde's house.

Anne went down on her knees and held out her hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Lynde," she said with a quiver in her voice. "It was very wicked of me to fly into a temper because you told me the truth. My hair *is* red and I *am* freckled and skinny and ugly. What I said about *you* is true, too, but I shouldn't have said it. Please, please forgive me, Mrs. Lynde."

"There, there, child," said the old gossip. "Of course I forgive you." There were tears in Mrs. Lynde's eyes.

Anne did not let on that she was enjoying very much making such a long and good apology. Marilla hid a smile.





Kindred Spirits

"Anne," said Marilla, "I'm going up to see Mrs. Barry to borrow a skirt pattern. If you like you can come along with me and meet her little girl Diana. Diana is just your age. You must be polite and well-behaved."

"But — oh, Marilla — I'm so frightened! What if she shouldn't like me? It would be the most *tragical disappointment* in my life!"

"I do wish you wouldn't use such long words. It sounds so funny in a little girl. Now, come along, Anne."

They went over to Orchard Slope by the short cut. Mrs. Barry met them at her kitchen door.

"How do you do?" she said. "Come in. And is this the little girl you adopted, Marilla?"

"My name is Anne Shirley," gasped Anne nervously. "Spelled with an *e*."

"How do you do. This is my little girl, Diana. Why don't you two go out into the garden?" Mrs. Barry was a rather stern woman.

Outside Anne and Diana stood looking shyly at each other. Diana was very pretty. She had black eyes and black hair, rosy cheeks, and a merry expression on her face.



"Oh, Diana!" said Anne at last. "Do you think you can like me a little? Enough to be my bosom friend?"

"Why, I'm awfully glad you've come to live at Green Gables," said Diana. "It will be jolly to have somebody to play with."

"Will you be my friend for ever and ever?" Anne asked.

"You're a queer girl, Anne. I heard before that you were queer. But I believe I'm going to like you real well."

The two little girls walked with their arms about each other.

"We're *kindred spirits*," Anne told Marilla on the way home. "And — oh, Marilla — Diana said there's going to be a Sunday school picnic next week. They're going to make ice-cream! Think of it! *Ice-cream*! I have never tasted ice-cream. Diana tried to explain what it was like, but I guess ice-cream is one of those things that is beyond my imagination. Please can I go? Marilla, can I go to it? I've dreamed of picnics, but I've never . . ."

"Yes, child, you can go."

Anne threw her arms around Marilla's neck and kissed her.

"There, there, never mind your kissing nonsense. Now, get out your patchwork and have your square done before tea time."



6

Avonlea School

"I think I'm going to like school here," Anne announced to Matthew and Marilla after her first day at Avonlea. "I don't think much of the master, though. He's all the time curling his mustache and making eyes at Prissy Andrews. Prissy is grown up, you know. Tillie Boulter says the master is *dead gone* on her."

"Anne Shirley, don't let me hear you talking about your teacher in that way again," said Marilla sharply. She had heard stories that Mr. Phillips wasn't any good at all as a teacher, but it wouldn't do to say so in front of children.

Three weeks went by smoothly. Anne made friends with all the little girls at Avonlea school.

"Charlie Sloane is *dead gone* on you, Anne," Diana told her. "He told his mother that you were the smartest girl in school. That's better than being good-looking."

"No, it isn't," said Anne. "I'd rather be pretty than clever. And I hate Charlie Sloane. I can't bear a boy with goggle eyes."

"Gilbert Blythe will be in school today, Anne. He's good-looking *and* smart. Oh — there he is!" Diana pointed to a tall, curly-haired boy, who nodded hello and winked at Anne.

"I think your Gilbert Blythe *is* handsome," whispered Anne. "But he's very bold. It isn't good manners to wink at a strange girl."

That morning in school Anne sat with her chin propped in her hand and day-dreamed. She did not notice Gilbert trying to get her attention. He was not used to

putting himself out to make a girl look at him. All the Avonlea girls liked him. Finally, Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out, and said in a piercing whisper:

"CARROTS! CARROTS!"

Anne woke from her daydream. She sprang to her feet.

"You mean, hateful boy!" she exclaimed angrily. "How dare you!" THWACK! She brought her slate down on Gilbert's head.

Diana gasped. Ruby Gillis began to cry. Tommy Sloane let his team of crickets escape — they hopped away down the aisle dragging their harness of horsehair. Everyone stopped work and stared with open mouths at Anne.

"Anne Shirley, what does this mean?" Mr. Phillips said in a stern, angry voice.

Anne could not say a word. But Gilbert spoke up.

"It was my fault, Mr. Phillips. I teased her."

Mr. Phillips paid no attention to Gilbert. He made Anne stand in front of the class for the rest of the afternoon. And over her head on the chalkboard he wrote ANN SHIRLEY HAS A VERY BAD TEMPER.

When school was dismissed Anne marched out with her head held high. Gilbert Blythe tried to stop her.

"I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair, Anne," he said. "Honest I am. Don't be mad for keeps, now."

Anne walked right by him.

"Diana, I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe. The iron has entered my soul."

Anne made up her mind to hate Gilbert Blythe to the end her of life.





Diana Gets Drunk

“**W**hat a splendid day!” said Anne, drawing in a long breath. “Isn’t it good just to be alive on a day like this? I pity the people who aren’t born yet for missing it. They may have good days, of course, but they can never have this one.”

“Fair enough weather, I should say,” Marilla answered. “I’ll be driving over to Carmody to a meeting this afternoon and I won’t likely be home before dark. Anne, you’ll have to make supper for Matthew and the hired-boy Jerry. See that you remember to put the tea to draw. And — well, it may be spoiling you, but — you can ask Diana to come over to spend the afternoon with you and have tea here. There’s fruitcake and a bottle of raspberry cordial you can have. The cordial’s on the second shelf in the closet.”

“Oh, *Marilla!* How perfectly lovely! I’ll go tell her this minute!” Anne flew out of the house. She could run like a deer.

That afternoon Diana, in her second best dress, knocked on the door at Green Gables. Anne, in *her* second best dress, answered the knock. Prim and proper, the two girls shook hands and talked very seriously, the way they had seen the grown-ups behave when *they* were invited to an afternoon tea.

Anne looked on the second shelf for the delicious red raspberry drink. It was not there. On the top shelf she saw a bottle and figured it must be the cordial.

Diana poured herself a glass of the red liquid and drank it down. She began to smile. She poured herself another large glass of it.

“That’s the nicest I ever drank,” she laughed. “Won’t you have some too, Miss Shirley?”

“Not just now, thank you, Miss Barry,” said Anne politely.

Diana poured herself a third large glassful and drained it, giggling. Then all of a sudden she stood up.

“I’m awful dizzy,” she said. “I must go home.”

“I never heard of company going home without tea,” said Anne.

Diana sat down, stood up, then sat down again. She put her head in her hands.

“I’m — I’m awful sick,” she said in a thick voice. “I must go home.”

With tears of disappointment in her eyes, Anne walked Diana home.



8

A Broken Heart

It rained so hard the next day that Anne did not stir from the house. The day after that she went to Mrs. Lynde's on an errand for Marilla. In a very short time she came running back to the house, sobbing and crying.

"Oh, Marilla! Mrs. Lynde says Mrs. Barry said I set Diana *drunk* when she came to tea. Mrs. Barry says I'm a wicked little girl and she's never, never going to let Diana play with me again."

"Set Diana drunk? Are you or Mrs. Barry crazy? What on earth did you give her to drink?"

"Nothing but a bit of that raspberry cordial you said we could have."

"Drunk — fiddlesticks!" said Marilla, marching to the pantry. There on the shelf stood a bottle of currant wine.

"Anne, you certainly have a genius for getting into trouble. But it's my fault — I said the raspberry cordial was on the second shelf, and it wasn't there. Now, then, don't cry. I'll speak to Mrs. Barry myself, don't you worry." Marilla put on her hat and shawl and went directly to Orchard Slope.



Marilla's face was hard and angry when she returned.

"Of all the unreasonable women I ever saw she's the worst. I told her it was all a mistake and you weren't to blame, but she simply didn't believe me. Mrs. Barry indeed!"

"My heart is broken," Anne cried. "Diana and I are parted forever. The stars in their courses fight against me, Marilla."

Anne stepped outside into the chilly autumn evening. She looked up at the pale little moon hanging low over the western woods. Then she made her way to Diana's house. White-lipped and frightened, she gave a little knock on the door.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Barry said coldly.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Barry, forgive me. I did not mean to set Diana drunk. Oh, please don't say you won't let Diana play with me anymore. Just imagine if *you* were a poor little orphan girl with just one bosom friend in all the world. Please . . ."

"I don't think you are a fit little girl for Diana to play with. You'd better go home and behave yourself." Mrs. Barry shut the door in Anne's face.

That night when Marilla slipped into Anne's bedroom she found the child had cried herself to sleep.

"Poor little soul," murmured Marilla. A softness crept into her face. Then she bent down and kissed Anne's cheek.



Anne Saves Minnie May

One night when Marilla and Mrs. Lynde had gone to Charlottetown, Matthew and Anne sat in the cosy kitchen at Green Gables. Anne was studying geometry so that she could beat Gilbert at it the next day in school. Matthew dozed in the rocking chair.

All of a sudden the door was flung open and in rushed Diana Barry, white-faced and breathless.

"Oh, Anne, do come quick," said Diana nervously. "My little sister Minnie May is awful sick. She's got croup. That's what the babysitter young Mary Joe says. My mother and father have gone clear to Charlottetown and Minnie May is awful bad and Mary Joe doesn't know what to do and — oh, Anne, I'm so scared."

"Don't cry, Diana," said Anne cheerily. "I know exactly what to do for the croup. I looked after three pairs of twins who all had the croup regularly. I have a lot of experience. I'll just get the ipecac bottle — you mayn't have any at your house. Come on, now."

Matthew got up and without a word went to harness the mare.

"He's going to Carmody for the doctor. Matthew and I are such kindred spirits, I can read his thoughts without words at all," Anne said.

The two little girls hurried through the crusty snow to Diana's house. Minnie May, aged three, was really sick. She lay on the kitchen sofa, feverish and breathing hard. Anne went to work with skill and promptness. She told everyone what to do. She gave Minnie May many doses of ipecac many times during the long night.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Matthew finally arrived with the doctor. But by that time Minnie May was much better and sleeping soundly.

Later on the doctor told Mr. and Mrs. Barry:

"That little red-haired girl they have over at the Cuthbert's is as smart as they make 'em. I tell you she saved that baby's life. It would have been too late by the time I got here."

Anne slept late into the next day. When she awoke Marilla was home.

"Matthew was telling me about last night. I must say it was fortunate you knew what to do. I wouldn't have had any idea myself."

Marilla waited until Anne finished her dinner before she said:

"Mrs. Barry was here this afternoon, Anne. She says you saved Minnie May's life and she is very sorry she acted the way she did in that affair of the currant wine. She hopes you'll forgive her and be good friends with Diana again. She asked for you to go over to her house when you awoke."

Anne leapt up and dashed out of the house without putting on a cap or wrap. When she danced home several hours later she said:

"You see before you a perfectly happy person, Marilla. I'm perfectly happy — yes, in spite of my red hair. Mrs. Barry kissed me and cried and said she was so sorry and she could never repay me. Then we had tea — she used the very best china — and fruitcake and pound-cake and doughnuts and two kinds of jam. And after tea Diana and I made taffy and Mrs. Barry asked me to come over as often as I could and Diana stood at the window and threw kisses to me all the way down the lane."





Puffed Sleeves

“**W**hat do you think, Marilla? A new teacher has been hired for the school and it’s a *lady*. Her name is Miss Muriel Stacy. I love Miss Stacy with my whole heart. I just know she’s a kindred spirit. And, oh — Marilla! You should see Miss Stacy’s dresses! Her puffed sleeves are the biggest in all Avonlea! She says all the pupils at Avonlea school should hold a concert on Christmas night. Diana’s going to sing a solo! And I’m going to have two recitations!”

“Concerts — fiddlesticks!” said Marilla. “Filling up your head with nonsense and taking time that ought to be put on your lessons.”

“Well now,” said Matthew, “I reckon it’s going to be a pretty good concert. And I expect you’ll do your part fine.”

Matthew smiled down into Anne’s little face. They were the best of friends. Marilla was always telling him that he spoiled Anne.

“Oh, Marilla, I wish I had pretty dresses with puffed sleeves. All the other girls in school have them.”

“Nonsense. Your dresses are good and sensible, without any frills.”

Matthew looked at Anne. Even shy, backward Matthew had noticed that Anne was dressed differently from all the other little girls. Anne had a brighter face, and bigger, starrier eyes, and more delicate features than the others. It did not seem fair to him that Marilla kept her clothed in plain, dark dresses with tight sleeves. His lovely Anne should have at least *one* pretty dress — something like Diana Barry always wore. Yes, a nice new dress would be the very thing for a present for his dear Anne.

Matthew went to Mrs. Lynde the next day to ask if she would help.

“Well now, Mrs. Rachel, I wonder if, well, I dunno, but I think they make sleeves



different nowadays to what they used to be. I'd — I'd like them made in the new way for Anne, if it wouldn't be asking too much."

"Puffs? Of course," said Mrs. Lynde. "You needn't worry a speck more about it, Matthew. I'll make it up in the latest fashion." Mrs. Lynde had noticed long ago how awful Anne's dresses were.

On Christmas Eve snow fell softly over Green Gables. Anne peeped out from her frosted gable window on Christmas morning. Then she ran downstairs singing, "Merry Christmas, Marilla! Merry Christmas, Matthew! Isn't it a lovely white world? Why — why, Matthew, is that . . . for *me*?"

Matthew shyly held out the new dress. "That's a Christmas present for you, Anne. Well now, don't you like it?"

Anne's eyes had suddenly filled with tears.

"*Like* it! Oh, Matthew! It's splendid! Oh, I can never thank you enough! Look at those sleeves! Oh, it seems this must be a happy dream!"

That night, for the first time in 20 years, Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert went to a school concert. Anne, in her beautiful new dress with puffed sleeves, recited a sad story so well that it brought tears to the eyes of the audience. Gilbert Blythe admired her very much, but of course Anne did not so much as look at him. When a rose fell out of her hair, Gilbert picked it up and put it in his breastpocket.

Later, after Anne had gone to bed, Matthew and Marilla sat for a long while by the kitchen fire.

"Well now, I guess our Anne did as well as any of them," Matthew said proudly.

"Yes, she did," agreed Marilla. "She's a bright child. And she looked real nice, too. I was proud of her."

Something warm and pleasant welled up in the hearts of the two old people. Neither one could imagine life at Green Gables without Anne.



Rescue of the Lily Maid

Anne often said that having red hair was to her a *life long sorrow*. She could use her imagination on most things, but she couldn't make her imagination take away her bright red hair. One day she bought a bottle of dye from a pedlar who came to the door. He promised that the dye would turn her hair to a beautiful raven black.

"Anne Shirley, what have you done to your hair? Why, it's *green*!" A shocked Marilla stood staring at Anne's streaked green hair.

There was no washing out the strong dye. Marilla had to cut Anne's hair very short. Josie Pye told Anne she looked like a perfect scarecrow.

School was soon over for another year.

One mid-summer's day Anne, Diana, Ruby Gillis, and Jane Andrews were playing by a pond near Green Gables. It was Anne's idea to pretend they were characters in "Lancelot and Elaine," a poem by Tennyson they'd studied in school. It was a very romantic and sad story. A beautiful lily maid, Elaine, died for the love of Sir Lancelot, King Arthur's favourite knight of the Round Table.

At the pond was a small platform with a flat-bottomed boat tied to it. The girls had often climbed into the boat. It would drift downstream, under a bridge, and come to rest at a curve in the stream some distance away.

Anne spread a black shawl in the bottom of the boat, lay down, and had the girls cover her with a golden cloth. They placed a flower in her hands. They arranged everything as it was in the poem — poor, beautiful dead Elaine stretched out on a boat.

"Now she's all ready," said Jane. "We must kiss her quiet brows and Diana, you say, 'Sister, farewell for ever' and Ruby, you say, 'Farewell, sweet sister.' Be as sorrowful as you can. Anne, for goodness sake, even though you are dead, smile a little — remember the poem!"

The flat was pushed off. Diana and Jane and Ruby ran off to be at the place where the boat would drift to the shore. They didn't hear the boat scrape roughly against an old stake buried in the water.

For a few minutes Anne enjoyed playing the dead lily maid. Then something happened. The flat began to leak. Anne scrambled to her feet. Water was pouring in a big crack at the bottom.

Anne saw a single log post sticking up in the middle of the deep pond. As the leaking boat drifted by it, she grabbed it and hung on. The boat floated a little further then sank. Anne was left clinging to the log post. Downstream, Diana, Jane, and Ruby saw only the boat sink and thought Anne had gone down with it. In a panic they ran through the woods to get help. They didn't hear Anne's frantic calls.

Just when Anne thought she could not hold on a single moment longer, Gilbert Blythe came rowing under the bridge. He glanced up to see Anne's white face.

"Anne Shirley! How on earth did you get there?" He pulled close to the post and reached out his hand. Anne, clinging to Gilbert, scrambled down into his boat.

"What has happened, Anne?"

"We were playing Elaine. Will you be kind enough to row me to the landing?"

Gilbert rowed her to shore.

"I'm very much obliged to you," Anne said coldly.

"Anne, look here. Can't we be good friends? I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. I only meant it for a joke. Besides, it's so long ago. I think your hair is awfully pretty now — honest I do. Let's be friends."

For a second Anne hesitated. Then her old hate welled up inside her.

"No. I shall never be friends with you, Gilbert Blythe."

"All right! I'll *never* ask you to be friends again, Anne Shirley." Gilbert turned angrily and rowed away.

Anne watched him go. She almost wished she had answered him differently. She sat down and had a good cry.





Anne Wins a Prize

Marilla laid her knitting on her lap and leaned back in her chair. Her eyes were tired. It was nearly dark. Anne was curled up on the hearth-rug, gazing into the fire. Marilla looked at her tenderly. She had learned to love this slim, gray-eyed girl. Certainly Anne herself had no idea how much Marilla loved her, for Marilla kept her feelings to herself.

"Anne," said Marilla, breaking the warm silence. "Miss Stacy was here this afternoon. She came to ask Matthew and me if we would like you to join a special class of her good students. You would be studying for an examination to get you into Queen's to study for being a teacher."

"Oh, Marilla! It's been a dream of my life. But won't it be dreadfully expensive? Mr. Andrews says it cost him one hundred and fifty dollars to put Prissy through Queen's."

"Matthew and I decided long ago we would do the best we could for you. So if you want to join the Queen's class you may."

"Oh, Marilla, thank you." Anne flung her arms about Marilla's waist. "I'm grateful to you and Matthew. I'll study hard as I can and do my best to make you proud of me."

Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley, Ruby Gillis, Jane Andrews, Josie Pye, Charlie Sloane, and Moody Spurgeon MacPherson joined the Queen's class. But it was Gilbert and Anne who studied the most. They were in fierce competition with one another. Gilbert was as determined to be first in class as Anne was.

The winter passed away. For Anne the days slipped by like golden beads on the necklace of the year. She was happy.

Anne and Diana grew. They were no longer little girls. But they remained bosom friends.



The summer passed and a new year at school began. Matthew had a bad spell with his heart, but Marilla decided not to tell Anne about it. She did not want to worry Anne, who was studying very hard to pass the Queen's examination.

Marilla felt a queer regret over Anne's growing up. When Matthew came in from the barn one night he heard Marilla sobbing.

"I was thinking about Anne," she explained. "She's got to be such a big girl — and she'll probably be away from us next winter. I'll miss her terrible."

"Well now, she'll be able to come home often," comforted Matthew.

"It won't be the same thing as having her here all the time," sighed Marilla gloomily.

At the end of June, Anne and Gilbert and students from all over the Island gathered in Charlottetown to take the difficult Queen's entrance exams. Then for three dreadful weeks they waited for the pass list to be printed in the newspaper.

One evening Diana came running.

"Anne, you've passed — passed the *very first* — you and Gilbert both — you're ties — but your name is first. Oh, I'm so proud!"

They hurried to the hayfield where Matthew was coiling hay. Mrs. Lynde was talking to Marilla at the lane fence.

"Oh, Matthew! I've passed and I'm first!"

"Well now, I always said it. I knew you could beat them all easy." Matthew's heart was glad.

"You've done pretty well, I must say, Anne," said Marilla, trying to hide her extreme pride from Mrs. Lynde.

"I just guess she has done well," said Mrs. Lynde. "And far be it from me to be backward in saying it. You're a credit to your friends, Anne, and we're all proud of you."



Matthew's Girl

The next weeks were busy ones at Green Gables. Anne was getting ready to go to Queen's School in Charlottetown. One night she put on a fancy new dress Marilla had made for her and recited a poem for Marilla and Matthew.

"I declare, my recitation has made you cry, Marilla!"

"No, I wasn't crying over your poem. I just couldn't help thinking of the little girl you used to be. You're all grown up now and you're going away. And I just got lonesome thinking it all over."

Anne sat down on Marilla's lap and took her lined face in her hands.

"I'm not a bit changed. The real me is just the same. At heart I shall always be your little Anne, who still loves you and Matthew and dear Green Gables more and better every day of her life."

Matthew cleared his throat. He got up and went out-of-doors. His eyes were moist. Under the stars of the blue summer night he said, "Well now, I guess she ain't been much spoiled. I guess my putting in my oar occasional never did much harm after all. She's smart and pretty, and loving, too, which is better than all the rest. There never was a luckier mistake than what Mrs. Spencer made."

Anne left for town to begin her year's study to become a teacher. Gilbert Blythe would be the only one in her class she knew. Not that she ever so much as spoke to him.

In the spring Matthew and Marilla drove all the way to Charlottetown to see Anne graduate.

"Reckon you're glad we kept her, Marilla?" whispered Matthew as it was announced that Anne had won a four-year scholarship to Redmond College.

The three returned to Avonlea. Anne looked forward to seeing Diana and to spending a whole wonderful summer at Green Gables.

The next morning at breakfast it suddenly struck Anne that Matthew was not looking well. Surely he was much grayer than he had been a year before.

"No, he isn't well," said Marilla. "He's had some real bad spells with his heart this spring. I've been real worried about him. I'm hoping he'll be better now we've got a good hired man. And you always cheer him up."

"You've been working too hard today, Matthew," Anne told him when they went for the cows that evening. "Why won't you take things easier?"

"Well now, I can't seem to. It's only that I'm getting old, Anne, and keep forgetting it."

"If I had been the boy you sent for," said Anne, "I'd be able to help you so much now and spare you in a hundred ways."

"I guess it wasn't a *boy* that took the scholarship, was it? It was a girl — *my girl*. And I'd rather have you than a dozen boys," said Matthew patting her hand. He smiled his shy smile at her as he went into the yard.

Anne took the memory of that smile with her when she went to her room that night. She sat for a long while at her open window thinking of the past and dreaming of the future. It was the last night before sorrow touched Anne's life.





Marilla and Anne Alone

MATTHEW — MATTHEW — what is the matter? Matthew, are you sick?

It was Marilla who spoke. Anne came through the hall in time to see Matthew standing in the porch doorway. His face was strangely drawn and gray. Anne sprang across the kitchen to him at the same moment as Marilla. They were both too late. Before they could reach him Matthew had fallen across the threshold.

"He's fainted," gasped Marilla. "Anne — run for Martin. Quick, quick!"

Martin, the hired man, started at once for the doctor, stopping at the Barry's house on his way. Mrs. Lynde was there on an errand. They all rushed to Green Gables.

Mrs. Lynde pushed Anne and Marilla gently aside, tried Matthew's pulse, and then lay her ear over his heart. She looked at their faces sorrowfully and tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, Marilla," she said gravely. "I don't think . . . we can do anything for him."

"Mrs. Lynde, you don't think — you can't think Matthew is — is . . ." Anne could not say the dreadful word. She turned sick and pale.

"Child, yes, I'm afraid of it. Look at his face. When you've seen that look as often as I have you'll know what it means."

The news spread quickly through Avonlea. All day friends and neighbours thronged Green Gables.

When night came softly down over Green Gables, the old house was hushed. In the parlour lay Matthew Cuthbert in his coffin. There was a kindly smile on his calm face, as if he slept, dreaming pleasant dreams. There were flowers about him. Anne had gathered them and brought them to him. It was the last thing she could do for him.



In the middle of the night Anne could see Matthew's face smiling at her as he had smiled when they parted at the gate that last evening. Anne wept her heart out. Marilla heard her and crept in to comfort her.

"There — there — don't cry so, dearie. It can't bring him back. We've got each other. Oh, Anne, I know I've been kind of strict and harsh with you maybe — but you mustn't think I didn't love you as well as my good, kind brother Matthew did. It's never been easy for me to say things out of my heart, but — I love you as if you were my own flesh and blood and you've been my joy ever since you came to Green Gables."

Two days afterwards they carried Matthew Cuthbert over his homestead threshold and away from the fields he had plowed and the orchards he had loved. Then Avonlea settled back to its usual life. Life at Green Gables also slipped back into its old groove until one day when Marilla returned from town and sat sadly at the kitchen table.

"Anne, I'll have to sell Green Gables. I've been to the bank. I've thought it all over. The buildings are old and need repair and the land needs farming. I can't do it alone. With you gone to college, I'd go crazy with trouble and loneliness."

"You *mustn't* sell Green Gables! You surely don't think I could leave you alone in your trouble after all you've done for me. I'm *not* going to college. I have decided to stay at home. My mind is quite made up, so don't argue with me. I'll teach school and study on my own. The Avonlea school has been promised to Gil — uh — to someone else, but I can teach over at Carmody. We'll keep Matthew's horse. Mr. Barry has already agreed to rent the farm and work the land. Oh — I have it all planned out, Marilla. I'll read to you and keep you cheered up. And we'll be real cozy and happy here together, you and I."



Good Enemies Become Good Friends

"Is Gilbert Blythe going to teach this fall?" Marilla asked Anne. "What a nice-looking fellow he is. So tall and manly. He looks a lot like his father did at the same age. You know, John Blythe and I used to be real good friends. People called him my beau."

Anne was very surprised. She couldn't imagine Marilla having a boyfriend.

"Oh — Marilla — what happened? Why didn't you . . .?"

"We had a quarrel. I wouldn't forgive him when he asked me to. I meant to, after awhile — but I was sulky and angry and I wanted to punish him first. He never came back. But I always felt sorry. I've always kind of wished I'd forgiven him when I had the chance."

It was a warm evening. Anne and Marilla sat on a stone bench by the front door. They saw Mrs. Lynde hurrying up the lane. She had some gossip to share with them.

"I just guess you're going to teach school right here in Avonlea," she said. "As soon as Gilbert Blythe heard that you were staying at Green Gables he went right to the trustees. He gave up the school just for you. I must say it was real kind and thoughtful of him. Everybody knows he's got to earn his own way through college. He would have saved himself a lot of money staying in Avonlea."

The next evening Anne went to the little Avonlea graveyard to put fresh flowers on Matthew's grave. Home lights twinkled across the fields and the scent of sweet clover filled the air. Beyond the fields lay the sea, misty and purple in the twilight.

"Dear old world," she murmured. "You are very lovely, and I am glad to be alive in you."

Half-way down the hill a tall lad came whistling. It was Gilbert. The whistle died on his lips when he saw Anne. He lifted his cap politely, but would have passed on in silence if Anne had not stopped him and held out her hand.

"Gilbert," she said, her cheeks growing red, "I want to thank you for giving up the school for me. It was very good of you and I want you to know I appreciate it."

Gilbert took her hand.

"It wasn't particularly good of me at all, Anne. I was pleased to be able to do some small service. Are we going to be friends after this? Have you really forgiven me my old fault?"

Anne laughed. "I forgave you that day by the pond landing, although I didn't know it. What a stubborn little goose I was. I've been sorry ever since."

"We *are* going to be the best of friends," said Gilbert happily. "We were born to be good friends, Anne. I know we can help each other in many ways. You are going to keep up your studies, aren't you? So am I. Come, I'm going to walk home with you."

Marilla looked curiously at Anne when she walked into the kitchen.

"Who was that came up the lane with you, Anne?"

"Gilbert Blythe," answered Anne, vexed to find herself blushing.

"I didn't think you and Gilbert Blythe were such good friends that you'd stand for half an hour at the gate talking to him," said Marilla, with a dry smile.

"We haven't been — we've been good enemies. But we have decided that it will be much more sensible to be good friends in the future."

Anne sat long at her window that night. The wind purred softly in the cherry trees. Stars twinkled over the pointed firs in the hollow. Diana's light gleamed through the old gap.

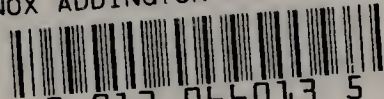
"'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world,' " whispered Anne softly.







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Floyd Trainor

Floyd Trainor is a life-time resident of Prince Edward Island. He graduated from The Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, where he studied painting, lithography, and ceramics. He presently resides in Charlottetown, where he maintains a studio. He divides his time among graphic design, illustration, and painting.



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Deirdre Kessler is a free-lance writer, broadcaster, and editor. She taught school for a number of years in the lupin-covered hills of Vernon River, Prince Edward Island. One of her favourite things to do was to tell stories to her students when the power went off during winter storms.

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